Hoſteſſe Maſter Phang, haue you entred the action?

Phang It is entred.

Hoſt. Wheres your yeoman? iſt a luſty yeoman? wil a ſtand too't?

Phang Sirra, wheres Snare?

Hoſt. O Lord I, good maſter Snare.

Snare Here, here.

Phang Snare, we muſt areſt ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Hoſt. Yea good maſter Snare, I haue entred him and all.

Snare It may chaunce coſt ſome of vs our liues, for he will ſtabbe.

Hoſt. Alas the day, take heed of him, he ſtabd me in mine owne houſe, moſt beaſtly in good faith, a cares not what miſchiefe he does, if his weapon be out, he will foyne like any diuell, he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No nor I neither, Ile be at your elbow.

Phang And I but fiſt him once, and a come but within my view.

Hoſt. I am vndone by his going, I warrant you, hees an infinitiue thing vppon my ſcore, good maiſter Phang holde him ſure, good maſter Snare let him not ſcape, a comes continually to Pie corner (ſauing your manhoods) to buy a ſaddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbers head in Lumbert ſtreete to maſter Smooths the ſilk man, I pray you ſince my exion is entred, and my caſe ſo openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his anſwer, a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare, and I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fubd off, and fubd off, and fubd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on, there is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, vnleſſe a woman ſhould be made an aſſe, and a beaſt, to beare euery knaues wrong: yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſie-noſe knaue Bardolfe with him, do your offices do your offices maſter Phāg, & maſter Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter ſir Iohn, and Bardolfe, and the boy.

Falſt.

Falſt. How now, whoſe mare's dead? whats the matter?

Phang I arreſt you at the ſute of miſtris, quickly.

Falſt. Away varlets, draw Bardolfe, cut me off the villaines head, throw the queane in the channell.

Hoſt. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee in the channel, wilt thou, wilt thou, thou baſtardly rogue, murder murder, a thou honiſuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings? a thou honiſeed rogue, thou art a honiſeed, a man queller, and a woman queller.

Falſt. Keepe them off Bardolfe.

Offic. A reskew, a reskew.

Hoſt. Good people bring a reskew or two, thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta, do do thou rogue, do thou hempſeed.

Boy Away you ſcullian, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian, ile tickle your cataſtrophe.

Enter Lord chiefe iuſtice and his men.

Lord What is the matter? keepe the peace here, ho.

Hoſteſſe Good my lord be good to me, I beſeech you ſtand to me.

Lord How now ſir Iohn, what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſſe?
You ſhould haue bin well on your way to Yorke:
Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'ſt thou vpon him.

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful Lord, and't pleaſe your grace I am a poore widdow of Eaſtcheape, and he is arreſted at my ſute.

Lord For what ſumme?

Hoſt. It is more then for ſome my Lord, it is for al I haue, he hath eaten me out of houſe and home, he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue ſome of it out againe, or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

Falſt. I think I am as like to ride the mare if I haue any vantage of ground to get vp.

Lord How comes this ſir Iohn? what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation; are you not aſhamed to inforce a poore widdow, to ſo rough a courſe to come